

This I believe... in standing up after a fall

Have you ever fell? Does it feel, painful? Well, mine was both painful and traumatic, and I was not even aware of how I fell. All I could remember was the throbbing pain I felt all over my body, the blood that oozed out of my wound, not forgetting the trembling hands that made me look like an old woman who had just suffered a stroke.

That all happened in my primary six year when we were playing catching during recess. I happen to be the catcher and just as I was all focused on catching my friend, I fell. My mind went blank and all sounds were shut out. It felt as if whatever was present was just me and the floor. Bang, and I landed on my limbs. Coming back to my senses, I realize how close I was from the floor. With the help of my friends, I managed to get to the sick bay and despite them constantly comforting me, I could not help but feel worried and scared for that was my first and worst fall that turn out to be culprit for my fractured wrist.

For about a year, after the recovery, the fall did not really mean much to me but I soon realized that it developed into a phobia for me because whenever I am running or jogging, I would not dare to go fast as the image of the fall kept screening in my mind and it bothered me. The minute I start to speed up, I would be reminded of the fall and unconsciously slow down. What is more exaggerating is that even running down a gentle slope would make me feel worried as I would imagine myself tripping, falling head first and end up rolling down the slope.

I have ever tried keeping myself occupied by talking to my mother while jogging to avoid thinking of the image of falling but as long as there was a moment of silence, my mind would wander off and start thinking of the horrible images of falling down. On one hand, this constantly reminded me to be careful not to fall but on the other hand, this fall is like a demon, constantly haunting me.

I know that the only way to get rid of that phobia is to overcome it but if a person were to ask me whether I have overcame it, my answer would be a no. "Once bitten twice shy", this fall had indeed bit me hard having underwent such horrible experience. Even so, I hope that I will have enough courage to overcome that fear and hopefully be able to run without worries, just like how I always do before I fell.